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# Amateur Home Decoration.

Edward Dewson, dd.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Subscribers who are either building new houses or are contemplating re-decorating their present homes are invited to write us for information regarding color harmony and artistic schemes of furnishing. We employ trained skill to solve all questions of interior decoration.

In compliance with the wishes of many of our correspondents to purchase housefurnishing goods in New York, we notify our readers that we have organized a Purchasing Department, and are prepared to purchase goods at prices quoted, without making any charge therefor. We strongly advise those who write to us for decorative color schemes to carefully consider our advice, with the samples of the various materials in hand, which we invariably send with each

reply, so that their minds will be fully made up when they ask us to Purchase the goods, and know that every item of their order is the result of a definite decision. It is impossible to exchange goods after the materials have been cut and shipped, and we hope, in all cases, that the goods as ordered, when sent will be accepted and paid for.

Correspondents when writing us are particularly requested to embody a reply to the following points in their letters:

1. Write legibly and on one side of the paper.
2. Send copy of architect's plan or a rough sketch of the plan of the house, showing size, height and arrangement of rooms, with the north and south aspects clearly indicated.
3. Give particulars of existing wood-work, mentioning the nature of the trim, floor, cornice, picture-moldings and mantel in each room; state what must be retained, and what, if any, specified articles of furniture are desired.
4. State separately the maximum outlay permissible for wall treatments, ceiling decoration (if any), textile hangings, carpets and furniture.
5. Send brief notes of the house, its location, age and environment, and such particulars of the owner's tastes and sentiments bearing upon the matter as would be discovered from a personal interview.
6. Send ten two-cent stamps if samples of paper, carpets, draperies, etc. are desired by mail, otherwise we must express same at inquirer's expense.

## AN AUGUST LUNCHEON.

(AS TOLD BY KATE.)

"QUOTH Bella on a summer day,  
'We'll let the maiden rake her hay  
In August heats. The Judge will pass  
And see her toss the fragrant grass  
Oblivious of her charms. We'll twine  
For him this graceful swinging vine  
Upon the porch. Here fruits we'll spread  
To lure His Honor. Overhead  
The sunlight, flickering through the leaves  
With shifting shadows, interweaves  
A spell, that from the moil and heat  
Shall furnish him a cool retreat."

"Like 'Mariana's moated grange,'  
I weary of these walls—the range,  
The kitchen and the smells that cling  
Like rose 'round broken vase,—a thing  
The poet sang of: 'Come, Kate, come!  
Why sit you still and stare—so dumb?'  
T'was a pleasant time. Would you were there

To watch the Judge in his old armchair.  
The linen spread upon the board  
Spotless as snow, a dainty hoard  
Of lace-edged cloth and mats, bedight  
With cunning handwork, white on white.

"No color, say you? Nay, not so.  
Wait till I tell you. For a row  
Of feathery fronds of maiden's ferns,  
With stems ranged inward, graceful turns  
About the centre. On it stands—  
I'll mark the place, here, with my hands—  
A silver dish, broad, low and large,  
Heaped with rich fruit to its marge.  
Pure saffron mixed with amber stained  
The apricots. O'er all these rained  
A dew of softness. Like balls of gold  
The peaches had in fire been rolled.

"Blackberries, with their dusky tint,  
Were poured about them without stint,  
While royal grapes, empurpled, stand  
In crystal shells on either hand.  
And compotes, with their luscious fruit,  
Sang to the eye as sings the lute  
Unto the ear, and all bedight  
With orange hues, nasturtiums bright  
Contrast with purple. Feathery stem  
And spray of green, on all sides hem  
The cloth, while roses rare and white  
Yield fragrant beauty and delight.

"There sat the Judge with every sense  
Responsive he, and naught of tense  
Convention hemmed him. Sight and sound  
With gracious softness wrapped him round.  
The broth of clams, lamb chops and peas—  
Simple, withal, and cooked with ease,  
An *al fresco* lunch, not made by rule.  
Then followed salad, spicy, cool  
And crisp, and served with ready jest  
That gives to all things such a zest;  
Tomato sliced and lettuce heart  
With mayonnaise, combined with art,  
Harmonious tints. Then chicken creamed,  
Whereat the Judge with pleasure beamed.  
Olives and bread-sticks *ad libitum*.  
(The Judge's teeth are good to bite 'em.)

"No plethora of food was there  
To mar the sultry summer air,  
And cool and white and debonair,  
With shifting lights upon her hair,  
Sat Bell, in tints of tender green,  
While creamy white and purple sheen  
Draped sleeves and bust, and her gray eyes  
With sleepy lids in mild surprise  
The Judge's seek. He lightly laughs  
At leisure, as he sips and quaffs  
His claret. Next of prunes a *mousse*.  
(A *mousse* he says. No sort of use  
To give the name.) In snowy flakes

The beaten cream he plenteous takes,  
And melons, too, with crimson heart  
Chilled to the marrow—torn apart.

"We sipped and chatted at our ease  
O'er quivering jellies, biscuit, cheese  
And ices served in fancy dishes;  
Each takes whatever form she wishes,  
Save Cupid in a lily's heart,  
Made for the Judge. He gave a start,  
Glancing at Bella's blushing face,  
And noting well her pensive grace.  
Then I felt that the maiden raking hay  
Would remain a maiden forever and aye  
Because of the lunch and that winsome  
face,  
And form of dainty, willowy grace.

"With rapture, then, he heaved a sigh  
And a tender look came to his eye,—  
(A prisoner would do well to try  
For clemency, with Bell a-nigh.)  
Long looked he, and off we stole,  
Seeing the Judge would play the rôle  
Of lover! 'Twas a charming scene—  
The song of oriole and thrush  
As day-glam fades to twilight's hush!  
The porch, with shifting lights a-tween  
The swaying vines; the fragrant fruit,  
The gleaming crystal, all to suit  
An artist's eye. The stately man,  
A Benedict, whose fancy ran  
To maiden ne'er. In sport our Bell  
Had asked him here, and who could tell  
That one so strong and wise as he  
Our little one, so fancy free,  
Would choose? Love knows no bars  
'Twixt earth below and shining stars  
Above. He rules, and Bell will wed  
The Judge ere winter's snows are shed,  
And of all that comes to pass, I see  
It was to be! It was to be!"